THE CHARACTER OF A QUAKER

In his true and proper Colours

OR,

The Clownish Hypocrite Anatomized.

Sic oculos, sic Ille manus, sic ora movebat.

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To the Reader.

A Quaker with's dark Lanthorne light
Is here expoſed to your ſight,
Stript of's nice Vizard and fair Paint,
Wherein he's wont to Ape a Saint.
So falſe Fires may delude our Eyes,
And ſeem like ſtars to guild the skies;
Till Reaſon proves they owe their birth
To th' ſtinking vapours of the Earth.
This Hypocrite we here eſſay
In's proper colours to diſplay,
Whoſe Yea and Nay in miſchief goes
Beyond the Hectors damning oathes,
But if you think we repreſent
Not full enough each lineament,
Next ſitting may that want ſupply
Provided ſtill you this do buy.

R. H.

To the Reader.

A Quaker with a dark Lamb urne light
Is here exposed to your sight,
Strict of's nice Vizard and fair Paint,
Wherein he's wont to Age a Saint.
So false Fires may delude our Eyes,
And seem like stars to guild the skies;
Till Reason proves they owe their birth
To th' sinking vapours of the Earth.
This Hypocrite we here essay
In's proper colours to display,
Whose Tea and Nay in mist hits goes
Beyond the Hectors damning oaths,
But if you think we represent
Not full enough each lineament,
Next sitting may that want supply
Provided still you this do buy.

R. H.

THE CHARACTER OF A QUAKER.

A Quaker is a *Veſſel of Phanaticiſme* drawn off to the Lees; a *Common-Shore* of Hereſie into which moſt extravagant Opinions at laſt *disemboque* themſelves and *center*, the *fag-end* of Reformation marked with a *ſullen meagre look*, and this Characteriſtick *Thou*; A Fox in a *Lambskin Coat*, that retains his *ſubtilty* though not his *colour*, a *dough-baked* piece of formality that decries *Superſtition*, yet idolizes *Garbs* and *Phraſes*. You may know him by his *diminitive band*, that looks like the *Forlorne-hope* of his Shirt crawling o

his Collar; for his *purity* consists onely in his *dress*, and his Religion is, *Not to speak like his Neighbours*. His Original is as obscure as the head of *Nile*; some refer it to *Behmen* the canting Philosophaster of *Germany*. Others run his Pedigree higher, and say he was *hatcht* when the *degraded Seraphin* first took on him to counterfeit an *Angel of Light*. He is a meer composition of *Contradiction* & *Clownishness ana*, with a few odd *Scruples* of Hypocrisie to give it a *Tincture*. Should the Parliament make a Law *for Eating*, he would starve rather then be *guilty* of obeying it; and if you would have him *do* a thing, you need onely *forbid* it on pain of death; He thinks that to be *religious* one is obliged to be *uncivil*, and flings his Wits *overboard* to make room for *Inspirations*. His *Dreams* he intitles *Visions*, and each *Capricio* of his fansie must pass for a divine *Revelation*, to which he blasphe-

blaſphemouſly puts a *probatum eſt*, *The mouth of the Lord hath ſpoken it.* The firſt Article of his *Creed* is to *keep his Hat on*, which he obſerves ſo religiouſly, as if he thought *vailing Bonnet* to be the ſin againſt the Holy Ghoſt; *Titles of Honour* he takes for infallible *marks* of the Beaſt, and belives the *Maſter of the Ceremonies* to be Antichriſt; He would have done rarely in the old *Chaos* before Nature had ranked things in their *places*, being a profeſt Enemy to all *Order*, that thinks there's no *pure walking* unleſs it be with the heels upwards; He hath a *Pique* againſt *Paul* for ſaying *moſt noble Feſtus*, and hates the memory of *Sarah* becauſe she called her Husband *Lord*. His diſcourſes are nothing but a *Rhapſody* of oft repeated *Non-ſenſe*; and when he hath darkned your underſtanding with a cloud of inſignificant *Babble*, he cries, *Ah! friends mind the Light!* He uſually begins

with *Raving* like *Mahomet* in his *Falling-fit*, or the Devil of *Delphoſe's Prieſts*, that never delivered their Lying *Oracles*, but with *extravagant geſtures* and *odd diſtortions* of body. *Swear not at all*, is his Motto, but *Lies* he holds in many caſes *venial*, and in *two meritorious*, when they make for the *Intereſt of the beloved Seed*, or reflect *Scandal* on the *Government*. He cheats worſe then a *Long-lane Broker*, by pretending to deal *at a word*, and the *Hooke* whereby he draws in his Cuſtomers, is a *far-fetcht ſigh*, and *plainly I tell thee Friend*.

This troubleſome *Inſect* (for all his *demure looks*) is deſervedly ſuſpected to be part of the *Vermine* dropt from the *Beaſt*, a *Puppet of Religion*, contrived to amuſe the *Rabble*, that receives its motion from his *Holineſſes* inviſible hand behind the Curtain; for though the *Jeſuite* and he ſeem *Antipodes*, at long

run (like *East* and *West*) they prove the ſame, *Equivocations* being as common with them both as *Curſes* to a *Gameſter*. Ask our *trembling Saint* if he believe the *Reſurrection of the dead*, he ſhall anſwer *yea*; but tell you another time, he meant only *an ariſing from ſin*; by *Heaven* and *Hell* he intends no more but ſeveral *Scenes* tranſacted *within us*, and abuſes *holy Scripture* into a myſtical *Romance*: Each of them averrs *perfection* attainable in this Life; but herein they differ, the *Papiſt* acknowledgeth but *one Pope* in the World, the Quaker ſets up a Pope in *every Individual Breaſt*, to whom all *Scripture* and *Reaſon* muſt *truckle*; ſo that refuſing the *Poleſtar* of Gods Word and the *Churches Compaſs*, he will needs *ſteer* by the wandring motion of a treacherous *Ignis fatuus* within, ſubject to be *blown any* way, and often *extinguiſht* by the Hurricanes of *Paſſion*.

He makes *Self* the Centre whereunto the Lines of all his Actions tend, and like a *Hedge-hog* wrapt up in his own warm down, turns out *Briſles* to all the World beſides; you can come on no ſide of him but he *pricks* and *bites*, and all his Coaſts are *craggy* and *inhoſpitable*. He that deals with him has need of more Eyes then *Poets beſtow on Argus*, for he out-vies a *Genoe's* for ſubtlety, and a *Jew* may come to be an Apprentice with him; he loves the *Exchange* though he hate the *Church*, and admires no preaching ſo much as *Foxes*.

For all his peaceable *ſheepiſh* countenance, he delights in *Contention*, and when he is *Thou-ing a Court* of Juſtice, thinks himſelf in his proper Element. He bawls (like an *Oyſterwife*) at other folks *pride*, and evidences his own *Humility* onely in defying the *Pedlars Pack*, *Lace*,

Lace, *Ribbons*, and *Bandstrings*, whilest he *sawcily* contemns his *superiors*, and prefers the *Crotchets* of his own *Giddy Brain* before the *Decrees of a General Council*. He hates *no whore* so much as her of *Babylon*, and ever and anon gratifies *the Old man* with a kind *Green-apron'd Friend*, whom he picks up at *a Conventicle* by a *leacherous touch* of the hand, under pretence of a *purer salutation*, and finding by her *rampant pulse*, and tempting turning up the *Whites*, (which she pretends to do in *devotion*) that her desires are *at flood*, they retire together for mutual *Edification*. He is often *drunk*, but not like his Neighbours *temporally*, for *sleep* cannot cure him, but the *fumes* of his spiritual pride having *intoxicated* his head, makes his very Soul *reel*, and put his Body into a fit of *shivering*; yet will he not privately

in the company of *Friends* refuſe the *refreſhing Bottle*, provided it be not known in *Gath*, nor published amongſt the wicked *of Askalon*, for he confeſſeth the uſe *of the creature* (eſpecially when it comes on *free-coſt*) to be *exceeding lawful*. He is very curious to be in all things *contrary to the common Mode*, that he may be taken notice of, for a *ſingular man*, and having *ſtrew'd* his face into a Religious frame, and tun'd his voice to a *puling ſanctimonious key*, he uſes it as a *Low-bell* to catch *Larks*, or rather ſuch *Owls* as will be *bubbled* out of their money merely on the Repute of his *conſcientious dealing*; he abominates our *Churches*, and ſayes very well, that *God muſt be worshiped every where in ſpirit*, yet will rather be *knock'd o'th' head* then forſake *Devonshire-houſe*; here it is that he *glories in tribulations*, and makes the Streets

Streets *ring* with *perſecutions and ſufferings*, when all the buſineſs is, he is only *ſhut out of dores*, and kept by the Officers from *breaking a Law* that would punish him; Then he aſcends the *Coblers-ſtall*, flings abroad the *Light* and the *Truth*, *bears his teſtimony openly*; and at laſt retireing home, with a *good Caudle* concludes *the work of the day*. To this *ſanctified aſſembling place* they flock in droves, as to an *Ark*, but ſure tis none of *Noah's*, ſince here the Beaſts come not in by *pairs*, for the *ſhees* are far the more numerous party, and in ſpight of *Paul's injunction*, will often be *holding forth* to the men.

In brief, a Quaker is a *Cynick* in Religion, one that would have *Ill-nature* tranſlated *Grace*; as if the *Holy Spirit* (that *pure ſweet gentle Dove*) did inſpire men with *ſullen humours* and *waſpiſh* diſpo-

diſpoſitions: he hates both *Magiſtracie* and *Miniſtrie*, and never ſpeaks well of *Authority* or *Obedience*, but when he is going to lash his *Maid* or his *Apprentices*; for though himſelf have ſhaken off all *ſubjection* to Superiours, yet to his *Domeſticks* he is worſe then an *Egyptian Taskmaſter*, and ſpeaks to his *ſervants* in a tone as imperious as the *Grand Seignior* to his *Mutes*; he cannot endure *Ceremonies* or *Complements*, eſpecially where his Belly is concerned, and therefore falls to all meat (as *Gallants* do to a *Wench* or *Oyſters*) *without ſaying Grace*; he is very diligent in his *Generation-worke*, and may therefore have many *children* but no *heirs*; for his *iſſue* comes into the World *out-law'd*, and can no more boaſt to be born in lawful *Wedlock*, then the *Kinchin-cove* of a *Gypſie* got under a hedge by

by a *ſtrauling Tinker*; he *bannes* the *Banes*, and in this reſpect *onely* refuſes *Licenſe*, *conſummating* his Marriage before it is *ſolemnized*; for ſo ſoon as the Spirit begins to yield to the *rebellion of the flesh*, and his Bowels yearn to be *multiplying*, he and his *willing Doxy* never wait the Parſons leiſure, but take each others word and ſo to *Bed*. Yet of late (to ſhew how far they dare affront the Laws eſtabliſhed) they have got a more *ſolemne Knack of Fooling*; A *VVeſtminſter VVedding* muſt be kept at *Merchant-Taylors Hall*, and a Trumpet ſounded to publiſh the Nuptials between *Diotrephes* and *Gomer the daughter of Diblain*, where *Jews* and *Gentiles* are jointly invited to a Feaſt, and Seven and Twenty Veniſon Paſties ſaw their ſtately Walls in a moment levelled. A *Freak* ſo wild and extra-

extravagant, that ſome of the *invited Hebrews* began to ſuſpect their *Rabbins* miſtaken in their *Cabaliſtick Learning*; and that *Antichriſt* is as like to be hatcht between ſuch a mad *Couple*, as to be begot by an *Incubus* on a *Harlot of the Tribe of Dan.*

The Devil that furniſhes others with his *Tares* but by *Retail*, deals with the Quaker by *Whole-ſale*, ſo many *Hereſies club* to his Generation, that 'tis impoſſible to ſay which he reſembles moſt. Sure Satan had a fanſie to preſent the World with an *Oglie*, and therefore here hath rendevouzed all his Hell-bred *Errours* in *Epitomie*, and ſet down a Catalogue of them in *Short-hand.*

By his obſtinate zeal to keep his Noddle

Noddle *covered*, you may guess him a *Mahumetan*, that resents nothing so dishonourable as a *bare head*; and indeed he hath no more *Christianity* in him than a *Turk*; His *Good-Friday Looks* speak him a *superstitious Anchorite*; his *jubilety* and *equivocations* would become a *Jesuite*; he names his *children* with as little Ceremony as other Folkes doe their *Whelps*, and so far keeps pace with the *Anabaptists*, but of a sudden he outstrips them, and falls in with the *Seekers* to deny all *Ordinances*. From *Socinus* he steals Arguments against the blessed *Trinity*, and learns to disown all Government, from *John of Leyden*. At first he was much against the *Carnall Weapon*, but now begins to be reconciled to *Fighting*, and if you anger him will rather venture a *Rubbers at*

Fisty-Cuffs, then turn the other *cheek* to the Smiter.

'Tis a prudent *maxime* in the Art Military, never to think *too contemptibly* of an Enemy. Our Grandfathers saw that *Scotch-mist Presbytery* rising no bigger then a mans hand, and yet how dismally did it in few years overspread our whole *Horizon*.

Consider but this *Quaking Gang* in its true dimensions, and the *Arts* they have to promote their Designs, and they will appear more formidable then most of the other Factions.

For, First, They are a People generally *subtle*, *frugal*, *industrious*, and *wary* in their dealing; by which and their

their large pretensions to a punctual Honesty, they have ingrossed a grand part of the Nations *Trade*.

Secondly, Whereas other Perswasions are divided into distinct Congregations, and so have several particular TEACHERS, who frequently broaching different whimseys, mince them into *Subdivisions*, whilest some dare not hear *such an one*, and others scruple to communicate with *such a one*, though all of a PARTY.

The QUAKERS on the contrary, though no two of them scarce agree in all things, doe yet generally throughout *England* keep themselves up in *one entire Body*, glewed together with a strict Unity, as to *Affection*,

and *Correspondence*, as is evident by their *Weekly Collections* in every County continually sent up to *London*, where their common *stock* cannot but in so many years as they have maintained it, be very vast. To which add the exact Accompt and *Registry* they every where keep of all their *Births* and *Burials* (which are likewise duely transmitted up) so that in an instant they are able to give a near estimate of their *number* and *strength* in all the three Nations. These and some other *Impertinences* being duely weighed, render this *shivering Sect* not so inconsiderable as the common *Rabble* deluded with their specious *pretences* are apt to think them. 'Tis a good Caution of a Minor Poet,

As white Powder discharges without noise,
So many Saint-seeming Hypocrites destroys.

Trust

Truſt not too far, the ſoft hand ſometimes
ſmites,
And Larks are Birds of prey as well as Kites.

To conclude, a *Quaker* is a *Canting* thing that Cozens the world by the *purity of his Cloaths*, a few *Cloſe-ſtool faces* and *whineing expreſſions*, his *Life* is only a *real Lye*, his Doctrine contrary to all ſober *Religion*, and withal ſo *troubleſome* that I am grown quite weary of drawing his *Character*, and cannot but wish *him* and all his *Tribe* fairly *Embarqu'd* for *terra incognita*, or the late found *Iſle of Pines*, under the conduct of *Penn* their *high Admiral*.

FINIS.